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SOCIAL OUTLAWRY.

In almost every ancient and modern state assuming to be civilised, there has sprung up a class of persons deprived of the usual privileges of citizens, and in a sense outlaws. The commission of crimes, or other violations of the law, has of course been in all ages a common cause of expulsion from society; but history and experience too surely demonstrate that misfortune of birth, as in the flagrant case of the Pariah tribes of India, has been a greatly more prevalent source of this monstrous evil. The truth seems to be, that a disposition to do even-handed justice to the whole of its denizens irrespectively, is about the last concession made by any state—such being the force of inveterate prejudice and interest which requires to be overcome. Curiously enough, this dislike of justice is not exclusively or most frequently manifested by nations of a monarchical or aristocratic character. It happens in this, as in some other cases, that the aristocratic in name is perhaps the least aristocratic or exclusive in practice, and that the form of injury and injustice we speak of is most strongly maintained by people who themselves have suffered under a similar oppression. Let us select a few of the more flagrant instances of social outlawry.

Switzerland is reputed to be the *freest* country in Europe. This is an error, arising most likely from the common notion that the country is a confederacy of republics, which wrested its freedom from surrounding despotisms. It is one thing to throw off a foreign yoke, and another to establish internal freedom. Switzerland at the present day, with all its wonderful industry and spirit of liberality in matters of international trade, is, in point of fact, a cluster of little despotisms, the despots in each case being a majority of the population which oppresses the minority—oppression on the score of religion and of birth. Ignorance, and selfishness—which is only a manifestation of ignorance—are conjointly the cause of this discreditable state of affairs. Under the common name of Swiss, three great European races meet and nestle about the heart of the Alps—the French from the west, the German from the north and east, and the Italian from the south; and the want of communication, till of late years, has kept these races apart and ignorant of each other. Nowhere, also, is the distinction of religion more marked. Two-thirds of the Swiss are Protestant, and the remaining one-third Catholic; and the Protestant and Catholic cantons, as the recent civil war has shown, hate each other as the hostile clans in the Highlands hated each other two hundred years ago. Besides, though Switzerland, compared with most countries, is a land of mountains, the greater part of it is composed of plains amidst the stupendous Alps. Two hours' stiff climbing suffices to change from

the neat-trimmed flower-garden and stuccoed cottage of the industrious artisan of Zurich, into the lofty hill-country of Schweitz, where the mountaineer leads a half-vagabond existence, tending his numerous goats among storms and mist, while his children run ragged and barefooted along the road, begging from travellers. Between people so variously situated there can be little sympathy.

A consequence of this national disintegration has been, that the rights of citizenship possessed in one canton have always been good for nothing in another. The citizen of Geneva, who was driven to settle in the Valais, was allowed toleration; but neither he nor his posterity could, by any length of residence, become denizens of their adopted country. A Roman Catholic at Lucerne who turned Protestant, lost all his property, and was liable to banishment; a Protestant at Berne turning Roman Catholic, was punished in like manner. Several of the present cantons continued, up to the time of the French Revolution, to be vassals to the larger ones. Thus the canton of Berne was sovereign lord of the present cantons of Vaud, Uri, and Tessin, which it crushed with taxation, without admitting its subjects to any political rights whatever. Thus, in process of time, it came to pass that all over Switzerland there grew up a distinct body of men, the descendants of individuals who had lost their civil rights in their respective cantons, either in consequence of change of religion, or of misdemeanours for which they were sentenced to banishment, or of illegal marriages, or lastly, as foreigners settled in Switzerland. The stigma thus cast upon the fathers descended upon the children to the last generation. They formed a separate class called *Heimathlosen*—literally, the homeless—people to whom the law allowed nothing—involuntary outlaws. They exist at the present moment in steadily-increasing numbers; and as injustice always reacts on itself, the parties so degraded form an organised body of mendicants, hucksters, pilferers, and often robbers, like the gipsies of other countries, but much more numerous, compact, and formidable to the society which has cast them out.

Some years ago, these *Heimathlosen* were become so troublesome, that their state was forced upon the attention of the Swiss diet, which instituted inquiries accordingly, the result of which is now before us. The report stated the *Heimathlosen* to amount to many thousands in number in all the central cantons, from the Lake of Geneva to the Grisons, beginning at the Haenenstein in canton Soleure on the west, and extending on the east beyond the Rhine into the Austrian principality of Lichtenstein. None of these thousands had any fixed trade, or were allowed by the law to possess a permanent house or lodging. When they ventured into the towns, they assumed, for the time, the characters of

thread-twisters, match-sellers, bird-catchers, and menders of pots and kettles. Whenever they might, they lived by choice in the woods and mountains, supporting themselves by all kinds of thievery. At night, they creep into caves, or sleep round a fire in the open air; and this through the depth of winter. Marriage is unknown among them; none of those examined could tell their own age, and very few knew who were their fathers and mothers. As soon as the children can walk, they are sent into the towns to beg and steal, and bring their plunder at night to the elder vagrants, who remain meantime encamped in the forests. They have still a voluntary government, and their leader at this time was a noted housebreaker named Krusikans, subsequently executed. Wherever and whenever discovered, they are liable to be imprisoned without cause assigned; and formerly, when the prisons were overcrowded, many were executed without even the formality of a trial. They are now, as soon as seized, escorted by troops to the boundaries of the canton, and thrust into the next, by which they are expelled in like manner, unless they can meantime escape. The report recommended various plans for absorbing this unwholesome population, which have been frequently since discussed; but nothing has been done, and the troubled state of the country renders any improvement now less likely than ever.

Vaud was a few years ago the scene of some enormities on the score of religion, and while we now write, intelligence has reached England that the council of state of that canton, which is Presbyterian, has enacted that all religious meetings of parties, not in connexion with the authorised church, are illegal; public worship of all such bodies is accordingly put down by military force, and ministers are in danger of their lives. A more startling instance of the tyranny of a majority over a minority could scarcely be found in modern times.

Let us proceed to another example. The West Indian Islands, during the last century, were troubled with a race of outlaws, whose existence is a curious corollary upon the working of the slave system. In all times and lands, one inevitable consequence of a legalised slavery is the constant tendency among the slaves to escape out of the pale of the society through which they are slaves, and thereby, as it frequently proves, to get beyond all laws whatsoever, the good as well as the bad. The timid suffer; and the bold, if they cannot throw off the yoke, fly from it as far as may be; and thus, by allowing freedom to none, the slave system generates a race of outlaws who subsist by war upon the body which has cast them out. It very rarely happens that a slaveholding country exists side by side with a free one, which may receive the refugee into its bosom, and under the guardianship of its institutions. Slavery, besides, in a productive point of view, is only worth keeping up in a thin population where labour is dear, both from the want of competition and the ease of acquiring land. Among populations like these, the superior land only is tilled; the mountains, marshes, and forests subsist as nature made them, offering a ready refuge and an impregnable fortress in which the fugitives may collect and grow apart.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, almost every West Indian island had its organised outlaws; hunters and robbers by turns, who, when game failed them, or prompted by revenge, stole into the cultivated flats, fired the canes, drove off the cattle, and often consummated their inroad with the massacre of the planter

and his family. So dreadful a scourge were they, that the early West India records treat of nothing else. In the smaller islands, where the cover was less, they were hunted down and exterminated like so many wild beasts: in the larger, they lasted longer. In all alike they bore the same title of Maroons, which some derive from a native word signifying 'wanderer,' and others from 'marrow,' the Spanish name for the wild hog, on which they principally lived.

There is a very full and curious account of the Jamaica Maroons in the works of Dallas and Bryan Edwards—the one a soldier, and the other a civilian—who look at their subject very differently, yet agree in most of their details. The year 1733 was the end of a lengthy, troublesome warfare, stained with much bloodshed on both sides, in which the damage done by the Maroons was roughly reckoned at £240,000 sterling, besides a loss of from three to four thousand lives. For the next sixty years both parties lived at peace. A large tract was assigned to the Maroons, on which they hunted undisturbed, and where they built three small towns, or rather villages, the chief one called Trelawny Town. It would seem that a very few years of kindness, and attention to the introduction among them of humanising habits, would have sufficed to absorb them peacefully among the free black population; but to take any trouble for a negro, never entered a planter's head in those days. The Maroons lived on hunting, as if in the middle of Africa—a kind of Pariahs, dreaded and neglected; and the planters lived on, heedless of the past and the coming peril, though Trelawny Town was only eighteen miles either way from the principal ports of Falmouth and Mondego Bay; and it needed but a three hours' march of the Maroons, as the event proved, to burn down half the sugar plantations in the island.

The slave emancipation act would have effectually dissolved this strange society, by destroying the causes which led to its existence; but it was destined to come to a more speedy and violent end. In 1794, the negro insurrection broke out in St Domingo, and produced a great effect among the blacks throughout the West Indies. In the following year the Maroons were in full revolt. The war which ensued lasted for a year and a half, and cost the island in direct expenditure more than half a million sterling; and all the plantations were burned to ashes. Cultivation was at a stand, the courts of justice were shut up, the whole male white population was drafted into the militia, and the island at large became one entire garrison. We have no intention to go into the details of this miserable conflict. The Maroons were not six hundred in number; the regular infantry employed against them alone amounted to fifteen hundred, with eight thousand militia; but the nature of the country and warfare made this disparity of numbers of little effect. From the precarious life which these savages had led, their powers of sight and hearing were incredibly acute; with their bare feet and hands they could climb trees and cliffs like monkeys; and their aim was deadly: it was a common thing among them to strike a dollar with a bullet at one hundred yards. The whole country was a mass of forest and underwood, impassable except to the Maroons, who cut narrow paths through it known only to themselves, and would crawl for miles on hands and knees through the tracks made by the wild hogs, till, coming to an opening, their unerring muskets picked off our sentries, while the marksman was unseen. Driven at length from their towns, they retreated to a range of narrow glens in the interior, walled in by cliffs two hundred feet high, in which they continued as safe as in a fortress, till the English, by cutting a road, were enabled to bring up their heavy guns, and throw shells with effect from the upper ground, when the Maroons escaped at night through the cordon of troops, broke into small parties, and carried fire and sword through the island.

At last the Assembly, in the month of September,

utterly despairing of success, resorted to an expedient which no extremity could justify: they determined to send to Cuba for bloodhounds. The employment, according to Edwards, to which these dogs are generally put by the Spaniards, is the pursuit of wild bullocks, which they slaughter for the hides; and the great use of the dogs is to drive the cattle from such heights and recesses in the mountainous parts of the country as are least accessible to the hunters. Much opposition was made to the plan, as cruel and dastardly, reviving the worst atrocities of the Spaniards, and disgraceful to the British troops; but at length, on the 14th of December, a commissioner landed at Montego Bay with forty chasseurs, or Spanish hunters, and about a hundred dogs.

When these new allies were landed, the wild and formidable appearance of the men and dogs spread terror through the place. The streets were cleared, the doors were shut, not a negro ventured to stir forth, as the muzzled dogs, ferociously making at every object, and dragging forward the chasseurs, who with heavy rattling chains hardly held them in, proceeded onwards.

Dallas, in his history, gives the following account of their first appearance before the commander-in-chief:—'Anxious to review the chasseurs, General Walpole left headquarters, the morning after they were landed, before daybreak, and arrived in a postchaise at Seven Rivers, accompanied by Colonel Skinner, whom he appointed to conduct the intended attack. Notice of his coming having preceded him, a parade of the chasseurs was ordered, and they were taken to a distance from the house, in order to be advanced when the general alighted. The Spaniards soon appeared at the end of a gentle acclivity, drawn out in a line containing upwards of forty men, with their dogs in front, and muzzled, and held by cotton ropes. On receiving the command "fire," they discharged their guns, and advanced as upon a real attack. This was intended to ascertain what effect would be produced on the dogs if engaged under the fire of the Maroons. The volley was no sooner discharged, than the dogs rushed forward with the greatest fury, amid the shouts of the Spaniards, who were dragged on by them with irresistible fury. Some of the dogs, maddened by the shouts of attack, while held back by the ropes, seized on the stocks of the guns in the hands of their keepers, and tore pieces out of them. Their impetuosity was so great, that they were with difficulty stopped before they reached the general, who found it necessary to get expeditiously into the chaise from which he had alighted; and if the most strenuous exertions had not been made to stop them, they would most certainly have seized upon his horses.'

This scene was well got up, and it had its effect. General Walpole was ordered to advance on the 14th of January following, with his Spanish dogs in the rear. Their fame, however, had reached the Maroons, and the general had penetrated but a short way into the woods, when a supplication for mercy was brought from the enemy, and 260 of them soon after surrendered, on no other condition than a promise of their lives. 'It is pleasing to observe,' adds Edwards, 'that not a drop of blood was spilt after the dogs arrived in the island.' Those who had actually borne arms were soon after transported to Halifax in North America, and ultimately to Sierra Leone, where it is believed their descendants are still to be found. A portion had sided throughout with the English. These have continued a separate people, employed by the authorities as local police, for which their perfect acquaintance with the woods, and capacity of endurance, completely fitted them; but partially civilised, and few in numbers, they differ in little from the rest of the free black population. In the British West Indies, the Maroons may be considered extinct.

France, which assumes to herself the leadership of European civilisation, still upholds slavery in her colonies; but these are too few and scanty to have much effect upon the progress of the emancipation struggle.

The largest of the French West Indian Islands (Guadeloupe) consists, in fact, of two islands, respectively called Grandterre and Guadeloupe, separated by a salt-water channel, some thirty yards broad. Grandterre is flat, cultivated, and thickly peopled, almost clear of wood, and without cover. Guadeloupe is one mass of rugged volcanic mountains, rising steeply from the sea, and rent by subterranean fires. In the midst towers the Soufrière, or Sulphur Mountain, to a height of 5500 feet above the sea, which is constantly smoking. There are ravines and caves enough to hide a dozen armies. The whole island is a maze of thickets, in which Columbus with his sailors were bewildered three centuries ago, and which remain in the same state at present.

Many years ago, a slave ship from Africa, in attempting to beat up to Baseterre harbour, during the hurricane months, came ashore on this coast. The crew took to their boats, and the slaves found no difficulty in knocking off their fetters and hiding themselves in the mountains. Once there, they were safe. Other runaways joined them; the negroes deserted by wholesale; and the united body took the name of Kellars—it is not known from what. The planters, for whom a neighbourhood like this was a continual peril, assembled in force to hunt them down, but did not even succeed in coming in sight of their light-footed foes. The same night the Kellars made a descent on the plain, and set fire to the sugar-canes. The wind was strong, and spread the flame, and nearly a half of the magnificent plantations were reduced to ashes. When daylight came, the incendiaries were invisible. Pursuit was impossible, and it was resolved to treat. A treaty was made accordingly, which, with few exceptions, has been kept steadily to the present time. The Kellars were allowed the free possession of their mountains, and on their side pledged themselves to commit no farther depredations. Matters remain on this footing at the present day. One half the island is populous, richly cultivated, and reflects across the Atlantic the civilisation of France, while the other half is a howling wilderness, in which the persistence of a nation calling itself Christian, in a system forbidden alike by Christianity and common sense, perpetuates on a smaller scale the barbarism of interior Africa, which will here, as in Jamaica, assuredly one day work out its own retribution.

It would be easy to multiply instances of social outlawry, or at least deprivation of social privilege. The unhappy coloured races throughout the greater part of the American continent offer the more flagrant examples; but others of lesser note haunt our own and other countries. In France, with all its revolutions and code-Napoleons, justice is denied to parties not naturalised; in other words, if one Englishman plunder another Englishman in France, the law admits of no redress. Some years ago, an Englishman who died in France bequeathed his property by will to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. The society claimed the money from the trustee, an Englishman in Paris. He resisted payment: the society brought the case into the French courts, and these finally determined that they could not interfere between foreigners! The trustee keeps the property, amounting to several thousand pounds! How different the law of Scotland! A Parisian tradesman sued Charles X. while at Edinburgh, before the Scottish Supreme Court, and the case was determined as if between two British subjects.

It appears to us that the privileges still claimed by royal burghs, and to the *freedom* of which they occasionally admit strangers, is a relic of the past, which it is time should be swept away. It amounts to this—that certain inhabitants, called *burghesses* or *freemen*, claim some kind of superiority of privilege over neighbours less fortunately situated. Think of an advocate of free trade being, by way of compliment to his principles, presented with the *freedom of a city*! If the presenters really love freedom, they ought long since to have de-

nuded themselves of privileges partial in their operation, and which require to be bought or given away. The whole thing is an inconsistency. It is a lingering token of social outlawry.

HANNAH WHITE;

A SKETCH OF IRISH HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FATHER THE LAIRD,' &c.

HANNAH WHITE had been for many years the confidential nursery-maid of an officer and his wife, whose fortunes she had faithfully followed into different quarters of the globe. She was an Irish girl; one of an unfortunately numerous class, abandoned from their birth to the care of strangers, called amongst her country-people a 'nurse-child.' Her parents, whom she had never seen, were servants in different gentlemen's families in Dublin. Her mother, on the approach of her hour of delivery, had repaired to the lying-in hospital, where she had been carefully attended for the regulated fortnight, and on leaving which, she had parted with her baby to one of the many healthy young women from the country who crowd the gates of the institution, in the hope of receiving, with the charge of a new-born child, the welcome five pounds, which is to repay them, they fancy at least, tenfold for the additional burden to their family. The little creature was fortunate in her nurse—a decent farmer's wife in the mountains, who had lost her own first baby; and not being worn out with one twelvemonth's cares before undertaking a second of equal fatigue, was able to do justice to her nursing; and having the comfort of a cow, and other land privileges, the home she carried it to was comparatively respectable.

Here Hannah for some years acted the part of an only child—eating as much potatoes and buttermilk as she could conveniently pack within her little sturdy person, sharing at festivals in the dinner of bacon with greens or *calceannon*, and on Sunday mornings having her bit of griddle bread and butter, and her cup of tea; and free at all times to roam the wilds she lived in unconfined. At the end of the first year, her mother made a new bargain with her nurse: three pounds a year was to be the future payment for her board, but there were large promises of advances, and presents, and clothing, a good bundle of which, new and old, some neatly made for the child, the rest useful to the nurse, was readily handed over as earnest. It was the last transaction between the parties. The following year, Hannah's mother could not be found. She had quitted her place, engaged with another family, gone to England, left no traces. The father had never brought himself prominently forward; there was no clue to him. The child was in truth deserted. But the nurse, and indeed her husband also, had become attached to their charge, and they brought back the poor baby to their home and hearts, well knowing they would be never a penny the better for her. Nor did they neglect her after children of their own were born to them. She had her share of what was going, at least after younger pets were served. She was useful among the little crew; and as she grew older, she went the messages, and did the work long before her strength was fully equal to it. But she knew that she was a nurse-child, that no money was coming for her, and that she had no right to consider herself as quite a daughter of the house.

When she was about twelve years of age, the comforts of her mountain home became considerably reduced. A season or two of failing crops, the loss of a cow, and the increase of children, were all pressing heavily upon the parents who had adopted her. To replace the cow, her foster-mother determined to take another nurse-child, undeterred by the questionable success of her former attempt in that line: the five pounds in hand was of such importance in the eyes of both wife and husband, that they overlooked all future uncertainty; so a little Biddy, and the highly-valued cow, were added to

the family. The two foster-children very naturally became much attached to each other. Hannah was put in immediate charge of the baby, and as they grew, they still clung together—the little one seeking sympathy, the elder one affording protection, attracted to each other by the indefinable bar which seemed to separate them from the rest. Little Biddy's quarterly payments were made regularly for some time, contributing in no small degree to her wellbeing. They came through the hands of a humble dealer in groceries in the Liberties in Dublin, who acted for invisible parents, and always required the child to be shown to her on these matter-of-business occasions; but at last, on nurse and nursing making their usual visit, the shop was changed, the mistress of it had disappeared—she was bankrupt. A shoemaker was established in the premises, and little Biddy never heard more of her early protector. She did not suffer much from the disappointment. She was a very pretty and a lively child, and none having been born in the house since her babyhood, she remained a sort of pet in it. Poor Hannah had to bear the rubs: early and late the little hardy body worked. Out and in—rain, snow, or wind—Hannah did every one's bidding: she was used to it, and she hardly minded. Her business of messenger took her at least six times a week on errands to the minister's, where she carried butter, eggs, fowl, and such things, and brought back help in sickness, yarn for knitting, and many a bundle of old clothes for the children. It was in this house that she found her friends—made by herself, by her good-humour, her activity, her steadiness, and perhaps her rage; for her scanty raiment, and her bare, red feet, had early attracted the pitying notice of her future mistress. The sister of the minister's wife was married to the officer in whose family Hannah passed her many happy years of service. Under the careful superintendence of these kind masters, she improved quickly in all good qualities, rewarding the pains bestowed upon her by her increased intelligence and ever-anxious zeal for the interests of her kind employers.

She was what is called a middle-aged woman when she returned to Ireland. Her master and mistress had come to settle for their old age in their own country—not near the hills where she was reared. The minister who had been so kind to her in her childhood had removed to a better living, and had engaged a house for his connexions in his new neighbourhood. She had thus for some time back lost traces of her early home. While he had remained in his first glebe, she had often heard of what she called her family; but after he left it, she had received little news of them. All she exactly understood was, that her foster-father had become very feeble, her foster-mother was dead, the children dispersed, and little Biddy married. She determined, however, to look after them all. She had saved money. She was in a way to reflect credit on them—to help them, not to require help from them. She knew that though she had worked hard enough for it, she had always got her share of what was going with them, and she had a grateful remembrance of what had been done for her. Her heart warmed also to poor Biddy, to whom she had often sent substantial marks of affection through the minister. In short, she was resolved to visit the home of her childhood. She set out on a fine autumn morning, on an outside jaunting-car, with her trunk and her carpet-bag, her heavy cloak and her hand-basket, in company with five other travellers, well protected by frieze coats and duffel cloaks from the weather. The day was pleasant, the company sociable, the car not very crazy, nor the horse quite lame. He was changed once or twice upon the road for twin brothers apparently, so like are the individuals of his wretched class. Towards the afternoon, Hannah recognised her former neighbourhood, little changed from what she remembered it: all the great features remained, and all the little ones were as yet indistinct to her. She was set down at the end of a lane leading up to the mountain farm where she was reared. A solitary cabin stood by

the roadside, where she was told she would get help in the transport of her luggage, as it was a sort of house-of-call for wayfarers, in evidence of which a tidy-looking old woman came forward from it, to receive her bag and basket, as also several small parcels consigned to her care by the carman. The old woman's face, though lengthened and sharpened, was familiar to Hannah. She soon recognised the wife of the herd whom she remembered in the service of her early friend the minister, one of whose last kind acts, before leaving the district, had been to establish this old couple in a small cabin, with a bit of potato garden attached to it, the rent of which he paid for them to the gentleman in whose shrubberies the old man worked. They were decent and industrious, and so more comfortable than many could have contrived to be in their station. The old woman gave Hannah a most cordial 'welcome home,' putting on the kettle in preparation for the cup of tea, which is the usual refreshment offered where both parties are above a certain humble grade.

Much conversation passed of course upon the topics naturally interesting both to guest and hostess. Hannah mentioned her intention of seeking out her foster-mother's family, of visiting her foster-father at his little farm, but first establishing herself with Biddy, whose cabin she meant to make her abode while remaining in the country. The old woman heard her very quietly. For an off-handed people, as they are said to be, it is singular how very cautious the Irish are in committing themselves by advice, or opinion, or information. She replied dryly, that the morrow would be time enough for the walk to the hill farm: as it was some miles off, and the night coming on, her visitor had best take her bed where she was; she would find it clean, and she would be obliging an old friend; and as she had a fortnight's leave, there was no need to hurry. But Biddy was at no great distance, Hannah said. Biddy, she knew, lived in the village close at hand, on the road to the bog, a little piece beyond the turn at the end of the lane, convenient to the old highway. She must go on at once to Biddy: she would take her basket with her, leave her cloak and bag, and send Biddy's husband up for them and her trunk either that night or the next morning. The old woman merely coughed, promised to take all care of the luggage left with her; and seeing her friend determined on proceeding to the village, offered no farther dissuasions, only adding, as she bade her 'God speed,' that if she found Biddy had no way of putting her up comfortably, she hoped she would return where she would be certain of the best of welcomes. Hannah bade the old woman a kind farewell, and set out, walking briskly down the lane, every object she encountered beginning to return to her faithful recollection with a familiarity almost unbroken. At the turn, she came, as she expected, within sight of the village. A strange collection of hovels it appeared to her now; and as she approached it, the street looked dirtier, the cottages more ruinous, the air of desolation more apparent. The cabins were principally built of mud, and had been whitewashed at some time or other, thatched at an equally uncertain period either with straw or rushes, overgrown now by moss, and grass, and various lichens, and in sad need in many places of repair. Windows were some built up, some half-filled up; others with only a broken shutter to the opening where a window should have been; while in some walls any means for the admittance of light had been altogether forgotten. Doors were such as suited the style of windows; doorways were in perfect keeping with the condition of the road they bordered; heaps of manure lay beside each threshold; fowl, and pigs, and dirty children lay about, or wandered amongst the filthy riches of the place; and as Hannah walked along, a dirty cap, over bronzed features and matted hair, peeped at her from every wretched dwelling, in wonder at the decent stranger. Her heart sank within her: Biddy reduced to this: she felt unwilling to ask for her amidst such evidences of misery. A stone-and-

lime house, neatly thatched, and newly whitewashed, encouraged her a little; she stopped at the door to make inquiries, and seeing a decent-looking woman in the act of filling a trough, just inside her door, with potato peelings for her pig, she half hoped to recognise the features of her foster-sister, as the woman raised her head to reply—'Is it Larry* Quin's? Sure he has no cabin: it's only lodging he is in a little room at Luke Brady's, on the side of the big pool there beyant, as ye turn to go on to, the chapel: he has the kitchen part: that cabin there with the big stone again' the chimley wall.'

Hannah walked on along the road to the big pool, round the corner of the muddy pond, over to the house she had been directed to; several children were within, seated quietly on the mud floor, dabbling with hands and feet in the dirt around them. She stood a moment to pick her way through the offensive draining from the dung-heap against the wall, by means of two or three large stones placed for the purpose.

'God save all here!' said she on stooping to enter, for she had not in all her travels forgotten the touching salutation of her country. 'Whose house is this?' asked she: she could not bring herself to frame her question more assuredly.

'Larry Quin's,' cried a quick, sharp voice from beside a wooden cradle, which the speaker, a lanky boy of eight years old or so, was rocking lazily.

'Larry Quin's!' repeated Hannah. 'Is he your father?'

'He is,' screamed the lanky boy.

'Where is your mother?'

'Gone to the well for a sup of water to bile the praties.'

'Where's your father?'

'Binding there above at Bryan Casey's, on the commons, where he does be working.'

Hannah looked round: seat there was none; light very little; bare walls, smoky rafters, a wet clay floor; fire, furniture, all wanting; no bed. A large pot, two broken teacups on the window sill, a tin teapot, and three or four tin porringers, were all that she could discover in the room, except the five half-naked and very dirty children. The old woman's cautious cough hurried to her. It seemed very likely that she should not find her foster-sister in a way to put her up comfortably.

'Get out o' that now, at wast!' said rather a coarse voice outside to the little dirty squad that blocked the doorway; and in a second the naked feet of the mistress of this Irish labourer's home appeared inside the threshold.

Biddy Quin was a young and very handsome woman. She would have excited general admiration could her person have been seen to advantage in decent clothing, and her features have been distinguished instead of being concealed by dirt. Even as she was, tattered, and soiled, and careworn, at a distance, with her piggin of water on her head, the natural grace of her figure would have delighted a painter. But to tidy Hannah, in her clean gown and spotless shawl, the near approach of any being so little familiar with the use of soap gave any feeling but one of pleasure. The recognition was therefore a different sort of scene from what had been expected. Hannah was almost as much annoyed as she was distressed. Her manner was reserved in consequence. Biddy showed some surprise; a little mortification; not any particular affection; while there was a sort of hope in her look and her voice, and her words even, of benefit to be reaped from this visit of her foster-sister, which, though natural in their circumstances, and indeed prepared for as well as expected, jarred somewhat against the feelings of the presumed benefactor.

After a few introductory exclamations, a little nervous chiding of the children, and many blessings scattered

* Short for Lawrence.

over the world at large, and on Hannah in particular—'I am greatly tосicated to-day, Hannah, honey,' proceeded Mrs Quin, seating herself, baby in lap, on a slab of stone that ran along against the wall inside of the large chimney. 'Them childer keeps me for ever on the fret; my heart's a'most broke with them—strivin' to keep the life in them, and to gather a bit of firing—and has just the praties an' a sup of milk at odd times according as I can rache on it. Jim, fetch the stool out from under the straw there for your aunty—she'll be a good one to you. That's our bed, Hannah, jewel,' continued Biddy, pointing to a bundle of straw that was heaped up in a corner; 'and that's our blanket,' taking up the end of a long black-looking rag, which had been doubled up over the baby.

Hannah searched for a clean, that is, a dry spot, on which to place the stool which had been produced for her; and finding the neighbourhood of the hearth looked best, she there seated herself, carefully drawing up her gown, and gathering her petticoats so close round about her, that as little of the hems rested on the clay floor as might be. Her reply to her foster-sister consisted of a string of questions concerning the absence of such necessary articles of plain furniture as she had hitherto been used to consider indispensable to the poorest household.

'Bedstead!' exclaimed Biddy; 'sorra one—bed, nor bedstead, nor bedclothes, nor an individual happ'orth of one thing nor another owns this, but just what you see: nor manes to get one.'—'Small rint! bedad, and it's sixpence a week we should pay for these four bare walls, an' they falling, an' glad to get it: sure cabins' scarce, lodgin's itself hard to meet with these times.'—'Arn! an' what signifies his arnin'?—fivepence a-day, an' diet! Hannah, jewel, it's a folly to talk: take the tobaccy out o' that, an' it's little comes to our share whin the rint's paid. He *does* smoke, then, now an' agin,' continued she; 'but,' she added in a tone of decision, a little proud and a little sulky, 'he don't drink—sorra a drop.'

There is no need to continue the conversation between the prosperous and the destitute foster-sisters. Hannah ascertained that the misery of Biddy and her husband was extreme; that he lazily served a hard master, and had little wish to occupy his spare hours in any extra work that would benefit his family, generally throwing himself down upon the straw when he returned from his day's labour, after the coarse but plentiful supper he had been supplied with by the farmer. On the wife fell the burden of providing for the wants of the family—all that she and her children required beyond the potatoes, which indeed formed almost their only food. To use her own expressive phrase, she seldom had the 'handling of a shilling.' The few pence her eggs procured her was all the coin that ordinarily 'came her way.' Her housekeeping consisted in running here for milk, or salt, or soap, and there for firing, tearing her ragged petticoat into still longer tatters while grubbing among the furze hedges for the green prickly whins that filled the house with smoke while heating the potful of potatoes. The husband's earning was nearly absorbed by the potato rent, which was managed for him by his master, on what is called the con-acre system—seed, and tillage, and ground, set against his labour and the 'trifle' of manure collected at his cabin door. If there were as much over as provided him with shoes and a new suit, had included, once in two years, he was fortunate: for all else they depended on the pig and the few hens Hannah had on her first survey overlooked, perched over her head on the rafters. To attain anything like comfort from such elements of bare subsistence, would have been beyond the powers of a better manager than poor Biddy, who, a spoiled and idle child, had married to please herself against the advice of all who were interested in her. Unable to struggle with her poverty, she had completely sunk under it, consoling herself, young as she was, with 'a blast of the pipe' she saw no necessary to all around her. This Hannah heard from her old

woman, to whose tidy cabin she returned to pass the night, after leaving with her foster-sister what would procure for her and her children a better supper than they often ate. Biddy received the money with many thanks, but no surprise, remarking, too, that Hannah 'need hardly be troubling herself: Mrs Riley, good luck to her! was a very good one to give score whin there was any reasonable dependance for repayment.'

The introduction next day to the husband was as little satisfactory as had been the interview with the wife. Larry Quin had a 'jaunty' air; he was a good-looking, stout-made man, with his old hat set on one side, his ragged coat flying open, and a straw in his mouth, which he twisted in all directions while vapouring on with a torrent of apologies for his household deficiencies. He 'had been intending to git a little dresser,' and he 'had laid out to procure an iligant bedstead,' that had belonged to somebody, and been for sale at some time; and he 'was determined, please God to lave him his health, to do' all that was right and desirable at some indefinite period. But 'being in lodgin's, and greatly tосicated this while back by'—in plain truth, neither the will nor the way to do better, there he was to the full as spiritless as the wife—almost contented with his low condition. 'In regard of the little pig, too,' he had never happened to have been without one before. 'It chanced, very unlucky,' that a friend should happen to come just when they were worst prepared to receive her; but, 'with the blessing of God and *her help*, things would soon be better than ever with them; and very easily, for, by the old woman's account, things had never been very well.

Larry was a nurse-child too; abandoned, like the rest of this unhappy class, by his natural protectors, and thrown upon the charity of his foster-parents as soon as habit was supposed to have endeared him to them. Though not much worse used than the rest of the children, he grew up fully conscious that he had no legal claim to the affection of those who had reared him; that he had no right to look for careful tendance; to murmur at privations shared unequally by him, with extra labours, and sometimes cruel words. He early felt that he belonged to nobody, and he soon began to act as if nobody belonged to him. To live, therefore, for himself alone became his rule of conduct. Without a hope, without an aim, without a tie, till he fell in love with Biddy, what had he to care for in a world to him so cold? Naturally of a lively temper, his position made him neither sad nor sulky—merely reckless. He was noted as a pleasant companion, but he had no reputation as a steady workman. He had therefore never kept his place as a labourer with the gentry or the larger farmers, who could afford to pay him a fitting hire. Instead of tenpence or a shilling a day, with perhaps a house and bit of ground, milk at times, help in fuel, with many useful occasional presents from the ladies of such superior families, to say nothing of a kind superintendence, maybe of more consequence to a servant's well-doing than all the rest, he had been obliged to content himself with jobbing at busy seasons, or serving the little farmers, who, hardly able themselves to pay their rent, and meet their current expenses, make the hardest possible bargain with their unhappy labourers. They give the lowest wages—as little as they can contrive in cash, and the commonest of frugal diet. 'It is, however, the certainty of this diet that insures the unfailling supply of strong bodies, able for better things. The husband, thus secure of victuals, is content to let the wife and children make it out as they best can at home; seldom without food, indeed, but rarely able to supply themselves with any other necessities, neither parent seeming ever to have a thought how they were to manage to bring up their children. 'Should the potatoes fail!' This passed often through careful Hannah's mind, but never through her foster-sister's. The present was enough for Biddy, and all she seemed to heed in that was food in plenty—the best she could get, whatever her means were. Satisfied

with the large quantity she deemed sufficient of the cheapest fare, she could not resist expensive provisions when she had the money in her hand to buy them. Perhaps, had she had more experience in the laying of it out—understood its value better—she would better have comprehended the worth of what it could procure her. As it was, to save for another day, or for clothes, or for fuel, or for furniture, was quite beyond her powers of control over the little sum her foster-sister had given her. While it lasted, tea, sugar, white bread, butter, herrings, bacon, were lavished upon herself and on her children, among whom, sharing in all the vicissitudes of this miserable family, there was actually another abandoned nurse-child. The present thus provided for, Biddy contentedly resigned the future to fate, or luck rather, to which she quietly attributed every event of her life.

Hannah found that to trust to such a character for any family improvements was altogether out of the question. Whatever was to be done for them, must be done by herself, as she should judge best for their future comfort. She, with a little trouble, got the husband, who was much more manageable than the wife, to remove the manure to the end of the cabin, fill up the gutter with stones, and spread some gravel before the door. She mended the thatch, dashed the walls within and without, glazed the window, levelled the floor, purchased a few articles of common furniture, washed, and mended, and made clothing essential to decency. Biddy was delighted, but she could not help—her habit of wandering about for water, and for furze for firing, and for milk, was so inveterate; the many gossiping meetings with her numerous acquaintance, who were all abroad on the same errands, appeared to be so necessary to her getting through the day, that Hannah could never keep her ten minutes together at any regular work. Then she had nothing to do anything with—no more had her neighbours. A system of lending and borrowing pervaded the village, completely defying the attempt to make any individual family independent or comfortable. There was but one pair of scissors in the whole row of houses to which Larry Quin's belonged. When one neighbour had a washing, she borrowed her tub here, her smoothing-iron there, and, in Biddy's case, her table elsewhere. Very few had an even set of knitting-wires; they were eternally bartering an odd thick one against an equally odd slender one. Even their wardrobes seemed to be in common. The possessor of a decent cloak very seldom had it much at home; any one in want of respectable covering for some extraordinary occasion 'borrowed the loan of it' without ceremony. Bonnets, gowns, shawls, all seemed to be public property. Any effort, then, to raise the condition of one amongst the set must fail, unless the whole could be simultaneously supplied with an equal amount of property. And how, or where, to begin, would have been a problem difficult to solve by more reflecting heads than Hannah's. The village had no liege lord; it straggled over 'three lairds' lands'—'bonnet lairds,' too, very nearly. A few cabins on this holding, a few on that, mere patches, all of them belonging to those who had never set foot on the sod within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The little farmers who rented these neglected fields had, for L1 in hand, permitted any one to erect a hovel anywhere; for which abodes—when built, like beavers' dams, with mud and sticks—they exacted an annual rent; not according to the value of the dwelling, but according to the means of payment possessed by the dweller. He, again, in a troubled time, to meet his rent, sacrificed one room to a lodger. The lodger, for the same reason, frequently let his corners; and thus these most destitute creatures struggled on through a life of little enjoyment, yearly adding to the sum of wretchedness, unequal to the attempt of improving their condition—many of them, indeed, unconscious of their degradation. With the wasteful habits common to the miserable, the scanty means they had they squandered. They boiled many

more potatoes than even their large appetites required, throwing out the remainder to the pig and fowl. An overplus of buttermilk was even sometimes thus disposed of. Truly they 'took little thought for the morrow.' The pig, however, fattened, and in due time was sold, and the money he brought procured one of his lean brethren, and cleared scores with the huckster, the decent woman, the Widow Riley, owner of the only respectable-looking house. There was generally a long arrear to settle with her, for the borrowing system was extensively pursued in all its branches. How Biddy had carried on matters with her was a marvel, for she was no manager, had seldom made much of her pig, and had often been without one. The begging system had hitherto relieved her. She had trusted to remittances from her foster-sister, or to help from her foster-father, who had never quite cast her off, though she had married so much to displease him.

Little effectual relief could be given to a pair so reckless, so indolent, so low in feelings, as Larry and Biddy Quin. All that it was possible to do Hannah did. She made the possession of a pig a certainty, arranging with her friend, the old herd, that twice every year a store-pig should be bought for them, the proceeds of which, unencumbered by any claim, Biddy was to have to spend as pleased her. For this generous gift both husband and wife overwhelmed her with gratitude; the blessings of Heaven were called down plentifully upon her; yet each had a trifling favour to ask in addition—'A grain of tea, now and again, or a taste of sugar, or any old rag of covering that was past another body's wearing,' was the modest request of Biddy, while Larry put in for 'the next east shute of the general's.'

Thus ended Hannah's dream of comfort in little Biddy and her husband; one pair out of thousands similarly circumstanced, equally ignorant and helpless, who, now that the days of pigs and potatoes are done, have been crushed down into the mass of utter pauperism by which the sister island is overwhelmed. Can we lament over the sum the 'three lairds' have to pay in poor-rates?

Next week we shall show the results of her experience in another department of the microcosm of Irish life.

OKEN'S PHYSIOPHILOSOPHY.*

PHYSIOPHILOSOPHY is the name for what is otherwise more familiarly called the philosophy of matter, as distinguished from the philosophy of mind: it comprehends the whole system of our knowledge of the material universe—heavenly bodies, earth, minerals, vegetables, animals, man—up to the confines of the human soul, which is the starting-point of a new circle of subjects, such as metaphysics, logic, rhetoric, ethics, and theology. The reader is aware that the different departments of material nature have given birth to a number of distinct sciences; and that, in the present day, each of these is so extensive, as to occupy large and voluminous treatises, and to require years of study to be completely mastered. Thus mathematics, astronomy, physics or natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology, and anatomy, the various branches of natural history, geography, and many other sciences growing out of these, contain individually such a mass of important truths, so many explanations of natural appearances, and so wide a range of practical applications, that no small labour is required to grasp completely any one of them; and it is generally reckoned enough for a single book to concern itself with only one, or even a fraction of one, at a time. But now and then works are published with the view of grasping the whole at once, or of exhibiting the most concentrated essence of each in connection with the essences of all the rest, forming a

* Elements of Physiophilosophy. By Lorenz Oken, M.D., Professor of Natural History at the University of Zurich, &c. &c. From the German, by Alfred Tulk, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Printed for the Ray Society. 1847.

world-science, or a comprehensive survey of the entire universe. Such productions have a distinct value of their own when competently executed. They have this peculiar fascination, that they embrace a vast and imposing subject; they are to other books what a mountain prospect is to a cabinet of minerals, or a case of birds. The author speaks little in proportion to the greatness and extent of his subject matter; he has the advantage of a modest position; by the nature of his enterprise, he is compelled into the virtue of suggesting many ideas by few words.

But if the position of such an author is in one respect modest, his pretensions are not always so. There is a temptation to hazard explanations of obscure phenomena at a venture, or by a stroke of fancy, instead of pursuing the laborious process of studying each point in detail, and at the expense of multiplied observations, experiments, and reasonings. It is so delightful to grasp the whole universe in thought, or to possess ourselves of the laws of its most hidden workings, that human nature must be excused for prematurely making the attempt. It is quite true that no ideas which we possess at the present day can comprehend the whole processes of vegetable and animal life; and, moreover, these mysteries may not be unriddled when the whole generation of living men shall have passed away. But we are not, for that reason, to be prohibited from running over our chain of connection through the departments of nature, and of forming our own conception of the unity that prevails in the world. There is a certain license of speculation or imagination allowable, before the consummation of that perfect knowledge which is to mark out the latter-day glory of the human reason. This is the justification of the theories of the universe, formed in all ages to suit an irrepressible craving in the mind of man to view the world in unity, or as a compact and connected whole.

Oken's 'Physiophilosophy' is an attempt to relate the various sciences to each other, and to reduce the whole of nature to a very few simple principles. It has been translated and printed in this country by the Ray Society, which was formed for the purpose of diffusing rare works on natural history. This fact shows at once what is the real value of Oken's book, although it does not indicate the limits of the field over which he ranges. Professing to expound the first principles of all the sciences, and to advance new and comprehensive doctrines in each, his success is strictly confined within the subjects of the vegetable and animal kingdom. As a naturalist, he is great and original; if he had only known to stop there, the feelings excited in his readers would have been very different from what they are. Preachers and lecturers have sometimes remarked, that by cutting out a part of a discourse, they improved all the rest. Never would this maxim have been so well applied as in the present work. The first hundred and fifty pages—which are devoted to the inorganic world, or to the subjects of mathematics, astronomy, motion, gravity, light, ether, mineralogy, and geology—present a succession of absurdities, extravagance, and wild day-dreams, that could scarcely be matched anywhere out of Bedlam. Something approaching to the author's treatment of these subjects may perhaps be found in the earliest speculations of the Greeks, or in the cosmogony of the Hindoos. But there are few sane men in modern ages, still less men of powerful intellect and extensive knowledge, that have allowed themselves to publish to the world such a bewildering tissue of night and chaos.

The doctrines that Professor Oken thinks self-evident and unimpeachable, are often made of very surprising stuff. Take, as the first example, his idea of certainty itself. 'If anything be certain, it can only be one in number: or this, the whole science of mathematics depends upon zero (a mathematical name for "nothing" in the sense of the commencement of a series); consequently, mathematics is based upon nothing.' But nothing being eternal, the principle of mathematics is

therefore eternal. In short, 'the Eternal is one and the same with the zero of mathematics.' 'The Eternal is the *nothing* of Nature. As the whole of mathematics emerges out of zero, so must everything which is a singular have emerged from the Eternal, or nothing of Nature.' Now, by the creation of mathematics in this simple way out of a very narrow original, a great step is gained, and the rest of creation is comparatively easy. For mathematics includes length, breadth, space, solidity, circles, and spheres, with numbers, and all that they handle; and thus, by the first act of creation, a considerable stock of things is produced to begin with. For instance, what is man but 'the whole of arithmetic compacted out of all numbers,' whereby 'he can produce numbers out of himself?' Again, a vast deal may be made out of the sphere: 'God manifesting is an infinite sphere. The sphere, therefore, is the most perfect form; for it is the primary, the divine form. Angular forms are imperfect. The more spherical a thing is in form, by so much the more perfect and divine is it. The inorganic is angular, the organic is spherical.' Unfortunately, however, for Professor Oken's originality, this is the very doctrine of Aristotle, which was so thoroughly ridiculed by Galileo in the seventeenth century, that it was thought to have been obliged to hide its head from that day forthwith. Most readers know the basis of the fictions of cycles and epicycles for the planetary motions that were maintained in the middle ages, till they were destroyed by Galileo, Kepler, and their contemporaries: it was no other than this—that such dignified bodies as the planets could move only in *perfect* figures: that is to say, *circles*; there being no other form perfect but the circular.

But to pass from the subject of mathematics, it may be interesting to hear the professor's account of some of the physical agencies. Take, therefore, the following sketch of electricity, which is related to the spherical form in this manner:—'Electricity is a merely peripheric antagonism, without centre, thus without union: an eternally disintegrated without rest.' As to gravity: 'Gravity is a weighty nothing, a heavy essence, striving to a centre; a realisation of the first divine idea.' The reader is also welcome to the following very simple explanation of perhaps the greatest mystery in nature—the constitution of the sun. 'The sun can never be extinguished, never become dark; for it gives out light, not as fire, but *simply by reason of standing in the midst*; its simple position, its enchainment to the planets, is light.'

As he advances into other regions, the professor prepares fresh surprises for the reader, whom, however, we must refer to the work itself for the demonstration of such propositions as, that 'self-consciousness is a living ellipse'; 'the earth is an oxyde of carbon'; 'the mean tension of ether, or light mingled with darkness, is called *colour*.' 'Red is fire, love—Father: blue is air, truth, and belief—Son: green is water, formation, hope—Ghost. These are the three cardinal virtues. Yellow is earth, the immovable, inexorable, falsity the only vice—Satan. There are three virtues, but only one vice.'

All this madness has its method. It is easy to discover the ruling principles of Oken's intellect: we see in it great native power running into a wild profusion of analogies, which are restrained by no law or motive, or maxim of sound thinking. There are certain common ideas that he carries out into every region of thought, without examining whether nature herself has really employed them to such an extent. For example, the notions of point, line, surface, solid, have a very great range of application; but with all their range, it is possible to find things to which they do not apply. Thus, who but our author could define and discriminate the four forces of crystallisation, magnetism, electricity, chemism, by saying that the first is *point*, the second *line*, the third *surface*, the fourth *cube*? There would be about as much propriety in expounding our political constitution as containing the sovereign, which is a point; the House of Lords, or a line; the House of Commons, or a surface;

the ten-pound electors, or a solid. The professor, in like manner, is never done with applying the sun and planet relation; and the idea of combustion in his hands elucidates an infinity of things. But perhaps the stock idea of the book is the four elements—earth, water, air, fire; withdraw these from the fabric, and it would crumble into fragments. Now, the distinction of the four elements has been shown by modern science to be accidental, and not fundamental. The three states of matter are distinguished by nothing but the possession of more or less heat, and the physical and chemical laws apply alike to solids, liquids, and gases.

The introduction to the biology is not encouraging. 'Galvanism is the principle of life.' Every part of organised beings is formed from mucus; and 'the primary mucus is the sea mucus.' Accordingly, the creation of organised beings takes place as follows (there being water and light to begin with):—*Light shines upon the water, and it is salted; light shines upon the salt sea, and it lives.* 'Man also is a child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea in the neighbourhood of the land.'

The four elements are our author's key to all mysteries; behold how they serve to divide the animal organism! 1. The nutrient, earth; 2. The digestive, water; 3. The respiring, air; 4. The motive, fire. 'It is impossible for more than these to be developed in an organism; impossible for anything else but what is in nature to originate therein; impossible that anything new be born by it. How could,' exclaims the professor with warmth, 'the organism be aught else—how aught else than the focus of the four elements?' When, however, we come to the structure of plants and animals, his fertile analogical genius suggests many very striking comparisons between the different parts of the organisms; and probably in a good many cases he is right in his suppositions. If he is correct, at an average, once in every five analogies (and we do not say he is not), his book is probably the most original work on natural history that has appeared for half a century. We shall present the reader with a few specimens of these ingenious comparisons.

In plants, he says, 'the leaf is the table of contents or index of the stem.' And he goes on to show how the varieties of leaf-structure are uniformly accompanied with corresponding varieties in the stem-structure, thus indicating a unity of organism throughout the plant. And the flower, in like manner, he considers as originating out of the leaf. The whole of the development of this idea, as he goes through the various tribes of plants, is very interesting, and contains a great deal of probability. Still, the reader must lay his account with such declarations as the following:—'In impregnation, the heaven is married to the earth; for then the spirit descends, and does not esteem itself too highly to become flesh.'

In order to come at a few of the suggestive comparisons that the professor makes in the animal system, we must pass over a good deal of this character: 'The animal is a whole solar system, the plant only a planet.' In comparing the animal with the plant in detail, he remarks that the *lung* is analogous to the *leaves*; and the likeness undoubtedly holds in many points; but according to his logic, 'this is sufficient ground for assuming also the parallelism of the other organs; which therefore he boldly carries out.

Within the animal system itself, the professor suggested one analogy, which has had the good fortune to be proved by Professor Owen—namely, that the bones of the head are an expansion of four vertebrae; so that the head, although not identical with, is analogous to, a portion of the trunk. He follows out the similarity in the detail as follows:—

'If the bones of the head are the repetition of those of the trunk, so also must the flesh of the head be a repetition of that of the trunk. Pectoral and abdominal muscles are ennobled in the muscles of the face.

'The face must have been principally formed by the orifice of the intestine—the mouth, and by the opening

of the lungs—the nose, and by the apex of the vascular system—the members which are repeated in the jaws. The mouth is the stomach in the head; the nose, the lung; the jaws, the arms and feet.

'The salivary glands are the liver in the head, as the mouth is its stomach. The liver, which was originally also symmetrical in form, has become wholly symmetric in the higher organised head, and forms two glands.

'The tongue is the œsophagus elongated upon the anterior side, because in front there is more flesh. The tongue is the extremity of the intestine converted into muscle.

'The nose includes pectoral muscles, the mouth includes the muscles of the limbs.

'If pectoral and abdominal muscles are repeated in the face, so also must the anterior bones, ribs, and limbs be repeated. It will be shown that the nose is a vertebra, the jaws members, and their muscles those of the limbs. The brain is the spinal marrow; the skull, the vertebral column; the mouth, intestine and abdomen; the nose, lung and thorax; the jaws are members. The whole osseous system is nothing but a vertebra repeated.'

Then, with regard to the muscular system in general, Oken gives the *heart* as the prototype. 'An entire layer of flexors and extensors is the pattern of the heart; even a bone is an ossified heart.

Another of the professor's analogies that has been admitted to be successful, is the comparison of the *wings of insects*; not to the wings of birds, but to the *lungs of the mammalia*. Although their mechanical use is the same as that of the birds' wings, their structure and functions in supporting the system refer to the aëration of the blood. His explanation of epidermis or outer skin, nails, hairs, and feathers, relates them all to the branching filaments of the lungs.

The ribs are the bony envelope of the lungs: and arms and legs are considered as expanded ribs. The professor becomes very touching on this head. 'The arms, when clasped together by the fingers, are a thorax without viscera, without heart and lungs. They are destined to enclose a whole body in the embrace.' 'By an embrace, that which has been embraced has been made our viscus; it has been adopted as our animal heart, and as our animal vital organ—our lung. The embrace has an exalted physiological signification, and precisely that which it unconsciously possesses in the state of pure love. Nature always thinks more nobly than we do. We follow her beautiful regulations, and she rejoices in the sport.'

The head being reckoned analogous to a portion of the trunk, the jaw corresponds to the limbs. 'Each jaw consists of the same bony divisions as the limbs of the trunk, of scapula, humerus, and forearm; or of pelvis, femur, and tibia. This is easy to be demonstrated in birds, reptiles, and fishes. The digits are repeated in the teeth. The teeth are claws.' Again, the movements of the muscles of the face correspond to the movements of the muscles of the limbs. 'Upon this depends the interpretation of dumb-show, or the art of physiognomy.' 'The oral cavity also consists, properly speaking, of mere tactile organs, which have been repeated in the head. Thus there are tactile organs which are subservient to the gustatory sense, in biting, chewing, and swallowing.'

This theory of the analogy of head and trunk serves to explain the well-known fact of the tendency of all the members of the body to act together, and in the same way. The child's movements involve legs, arms, and face in one kind of motion; and it demands express training to make an arm move one way and the leg in some different way at the same instant, just as it requires training to make the two hands perform different processes at once. According to Oken, there is the same foundation in the animal system for the concurring motions of head, arms, and legs, as for the simultaneous action of a pair of limbs. 'Sympathy is the result of parallel systems.'

With all the merits that there may be in the latter portions of this book, we hope we shall never meet its like again. It is lamentable to see a man of so much mental graspingly destitute of the power of distinguishing between truth and falsehood. Professor Oken never seems to have adverted to the possibility of starting a hypothesis not strictly in accordance with nature in all its details: the process of verification has never occurred to him as either necessary or useful. Upon everything he gives us the first thoughts of an inaccurate thinker. One would suppose that he felt himself called upon, within his own lifetime, to explain all nature somehow; so that, above all things, it was needful for him to get on. Except in natural history, his actual knowledge of science is very trifling; his grand analogies in physics and chemistry could not have occurred to a mind knowing the facts. Even his valuable suggestions rarely amount to *discoveries*. For one thing, they are never *proved*; and the discoverer of a truth is, properly speaking, the man that proves it, and shows its full range and meaning. Gross injustice is often committed by people who find in old books something like the statement of a truth that has been established by scientific investigation, and on that ground ascribe the merit to a man in whose hands the doctrine was a dead letter. A loose talker, like Oken, will hit upon a truth, and rest it upon such flimsy reasons, and put it in such bad company, that the world takes no heed of it, till it is again announced by somebody that has laboriously wrought it out, and settled it for ever upon adequate evidence. The ravings of a madman, or the revelations of a clairvoyant, may contain new truths, but mankind can never learn them from such sources. Truth must always bring its authority with it: by its evidence do we know it. A well-informed man may gain much by reading such a book as the 'Physiophilosophy;' by his knowledge he will distinguish what is absurd, and sometimes he will be able to supply to what is true the needful demonstration; but the world at large can believe nothing that is said in it from beginning to end, till it first passes through more trustworthy hands.

WALKS TO OFFICE.

LEO TO CAPRICORNUS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the noise, dirt, and discomforts of London, there are thousands of its population who prefer it to all other places. We have known some of these town-worshippers: when, after much deliberation, they visit a country friend, they are always miserable until they get back again. Charles Lamb, who

—'Ranged the crowded streets
With a keen eye,'

affords a memorable instance of love of urban life, amounting almost to a devout feeling. We have another example in Dr Johnson: his attachment to London breaks out in many parts of his writings. In one place he says: 'The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom.' And Davy, speaking of the Metropolis, observes: 'It was to me as the grand theatre of intellectual activity, the field of every species of enterprise and exertion, the metropolis of the world of business, thought, and action. . . . There society of the most refined kind offered daily its banquets to the mind, with such variety, that satiety had no place in them, and new objects of interest and ambition were constantly exciting attention, either in politics, literature, or science.' To multitudes, however, London is a place to be inhabited only from necessity, which compels them to a weary and monotonous course of task-work. How many of those you meet during a walk to office are mere machines, who have outlived all desire to go and look upon a green field! Their holidays are

spent in lounging at the corners of streets, or in the dingy parlours of out-of-the-way taverns. Stand for a few minutes on any one of the bridges, and watch the human tide as it goes by. You shall see objects of misery such as can be seen nowhere but in London. Not mere penury or destitution, but hopeless misery, that stamps a wolfish expression on the victim's features, and kindles a fiery madness in the eye. They move with the throng, but are not of it. Notice, too, how some men's trade tells upon their physical constitution: the one now approaching, with one shoulder higher than the other, head inclining a little to the right, the left hand always carried in advance, while the right, with bent fingers, is held back—he is a flier in some engine factory. The next, in threadbare coat, with a slight stoop, curved legs, slouching gait, and right arm swinging in uneasy jerks—is a tailor: you cannot mistake him. Here is another with a dirty canvas apron twisted round his waist; he takes long, slow steps, and turns in his left foot—he is a cabinet-maker; and in the same way might we go on reading off each one's calling or character for a whole day. The peculiar expression, however, varies in different quarters of the town. 'Let any one,' says the Tatler, 'even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollens, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears to lie hid in the race for two or three generations.'

In the daily walks to office much may be seen of the petty trades of London—the under-current of its commercial activity. Things are turned to account here. In front of patten and clog makers' shops, stand small baskets filled with the little lumps of beech sawn off the ends of the sole pieces—'only a penny.' A little farther on, at a place half shop, half shed, a man and two or three boys are busy sawing and splitting firewood. One saws the blocks to the required length, a second splits them, and a third, with the aid of a small lever and a strong loop, ties them up into bundles with marvellous accuracy and celerity. This, though classed among petty trades, requires the employment of large capital. We have seen a wood yard, half an acre in extent, by the side of the Surrey Canal, completely filled, and piled to the height of thirty or forty feet with the 'chunks' of pine brought from Canada, to be split up and sold four bundles a penny, to kindle fires in London. A few of the old cobblers' stalls, little dens, half in the cellar, and half in the street, are still to be seen. Pass when you will, their occupants are always busy; it does not appear, however, that any of them ever remove into a shop or more roomy premises. A parallel class of out-of-door workers, are the men who go from one butcher's shop to another to sharpen and set the saws. Half-a-dozen files, a hammer, and 'saw-set,' a wooden stand with screw-clamps, constitute their stock in trade. The stand is generally painted the professional blue; and the fliers appear to be merry fellows, for they whistle blithely while at their work, generally performed at the edge of the pavement. Another form of petty trade is presented by butchers' and provision shops: the latter with pennyworths of bacon and scraps of cheese; and the former with fragments—cuttings and trimmings of mutton and beef—of most repulsive appearance. Yet nothing is lost: however indifferent the article offered for sale, there is always a purchaser for it. The New Cut, in Lambeth, the upper extremity of White Cross Street, and Clare Market, offer a spectacle fraught with profound instruction about the animal food supplied to the humbler classes of London.

'Garret masters,' as they are called, represent a considerable amount of petty trade. They are turners, carvers, cabinet and chair makers, and almost every

other business that can be mentioned. How often, on a Monday or Tuesday morning, you meet the wife or boys of one of these small traders, with a plank and cane for chairs, or veneer for workboxes—material for another week's struggle! On Saturdays you will see the man with tea-caddies, a table, or half-a-dozen chairs upon his shoulder, panting along with hungry and anxious look to find a purchaser. Poor creatures! many of them are to be pitied; for very often the price they obtain does not exceed the cost of the materials on which they have expended six days' labour. Several of the large advertising houses derive their supplies of goods from these sources. Boys, looking keen and experienced as grown-up men, are seen both morning and evening delivering and vending newspapers—how they collect round the doors of newspaper offices on the announcement of a 'second edition,' waiting for news as jackals for carrion! A singular fact connected with these boys is, that they go 'on 'Change.' Turn up Catherine Street any afternoon about four, and there, within hearing of the Strand, you will find them congregated, and with a perfect Babel of cries exchanging papers. 'Times' for 'Herald'—'Standard' for 'Chronicle'—who wants 'Globe?'—who wants 'Daily News?' are calls kept up for the better part of an hour with vociferous iteration. Watch the group for a few minutes, and you will see that the newsboy is as great an adept in turning a penny as the stockbroker farther east. Our present purpose is to describe only the more obvious of what presents itself to the eye in a walk to or from office; much more might be written, were we inquiring into the multiplied resources for gaining a livelihood to be found only in great cities. One more instance, and we must leave this part of our subject. Every day, 'except Sundays and holidays,' two rather grim-faced, weather-beaten men may be seen walking up and down under the portico of Somerset House. For years have they taken up their position in this place, from ten to four, and will probably continue to do so until incapacitated by age or infirmities. They look like man-of-war's men 'in shore-going toggery'; and their business is to stop the sailors, great numbers of whom are continually calling at the Admiralty Office, within the quadrangle of the building, and advise them how to proceed in making their inquiries. With the proverbial generosity of seamen, the applicants, on leaving the office, hand over a fee to their two informants, or invite them to drink at a neighbouring tavern. It is only in such a place as London that it would be worth any one's while to come out in all weathers, with clean polished shoes, and well-brushed though threadbare coat, to watch for the chances of a living from such an apparently uncertain source.

It sometimes happens that the routine of official duty is disturbed by some unexpected stroke of business; on such occasions, a brief interval is allowed for refreshment at a coffee-house—a half hour, in which some of the peculiarities of London life may be studied. How the disposition to avoid all unnecessary expenditure of words appears in the short, technical orders issued to the attendants! With some customers it borders on slang: 'Coffee and a thin un!' or, 'Dab o' grease and ball o' pipeclay!' may be heard from some remote corner; the speakers' requirements being a cup of coffee and a thin slice of bread and butter, or a pat of butter with an egg. You may observe, too, how the demand for bread serves as an index to the season. In cold weather, brown and cottage loaves are most in request; but in warm weather, nothing will go down but light French rolls and tea-cakes. London coffee-houses would be nearly all that could be wished, if their arrangements included ventilation, and real coffee for the fluid supplied to customers.

Should it happen to be a Saturday on which the unexpected detention occurs, the walk home late in the evening reveals many new features of life in the great city. The people who now crowd the streets are quite of a different class to those seen during the day: la-

bourers, operatives, and artisans with their wives and children, are making their purchases for the week or the next day. This is the time to see the infinitesimal system of dealing carried out at butchers' and grocers', or any place where food is sold. Petty dealers, never seen at any other time, now station themselves at the entrance of alleys and corners of streets, offering skewers, meat-hooks, penny roasting-jacks, cabbage-nets; in short, a complete *batterie de cuisine*. They invite purchasers in most vociferous tones, and it is hard to say whether they or the beggars are the more importunate: the latter have to provide for a blank day on the morrow, and make most moving appeals to the charity of bystanders. Presently you come to a ready-made clothes warehouse, flaring and flashy, in front of which half-a-dozen musicians, engaged by the proprietor, have been blowing away most lustily ever since noon, and will keep on till midnight. This is a frequent mode of advertising in the transpontine regions, and is often adopted by enterprising bakers, when the usual 'glass of gin,' or 'penny returned with every loaf purchased,' fail to attract. So bewildering are the noise and confusion, that you feel a sensible relief as the walk homewards carries you into a quieter neighbourhood.

It is pleasant to note the succession of flowers, from the crocuses and violets of early spring to the roses and carnations of summer, offered for sale in the streets. The taste for flowers has increased of late years; some persons you will see never walk to town without a flower in their button-hole during the fine season. From the markets, as centres, they are carried in hand-carts, barrows, or baskets, into every quarter of the town: even back streets and dismal alleys are visited by hawkers of flowers: and is it too much to expect that the sweet-scented things may have a humanising influence? Another pleasure of the summer season, is the opportunity for varying the daily walk by a trip in one of the cheap steamboats. You make for the nearest bridge, walk on board, and for a halfpenny, are set down close to your place of business. These river omnibuses are admirable places for observation; here you may detect many peculiar characteristics of the Londoner. Rather than wait two minutes and a half for the next boat, they overcrowd the deck until the little vessel is top heavy, and stand wedged together, half suffocated, without the possibility of changing their position. They will land at all sorts of inconvenient wharfs, with imminent risk of life and limb, week after week, and month after month, or until it may please the proprietors to provide better accommodation. Extremes meet: and London is at once the fastest and slowest of cities. The man who cannot stay to answer your salute in the street, will live with exemplary patience close to some horrid nuisance for ten or twenty years. He wonders what people can possibly find to do with themselves in the country, and goes night after night to the same parlour, in the same tavern, to hear the same vapid talk that he already knows by heart.

You walk home leisurely on summer afternoons, resting a while to contemplate the animated view from the bridge you may choose to cross, or halting at some of the frequent book-stalls. All the world is thirsty: the benches in front of public-houses are crowded with porter drinkers, who imbibe the contents of pewter pots with infinite relish; and vendors of ginger beer offer their cooling draught at every hundred yards. Frequent parties of strangers are now met on the shady side of the street, gazing with wondering delight on all they see. Among these some have evidently come to settle in London: you may see them cheapening furniture at the brokers' shops; perhaps a widow with two or three children, eking out a scanty income to the utmost. According to Johnson, whom we have before quoted, 'there is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London: more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than everywhere else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place: you must make a uniform appearance. Here a lady

may have well-furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.'

If the weather be at all rainy, the approaches to the bridges are beset by retailers of second-hand umbrellas: 'Only one shilling each!'—'Save a shilling for a shilling!' It is a better business than would at first sight appear; for, apart from those who can afford only a shilling for an umbrella, there is many a well-to-do citizen who would rather lay out that sum than get wet to the skin. Day after day, as your eye glances along the line of clerks and men in office walking homewards, you are sure to see one carrying a blue bag. A blue bag is considered respectable; it has an official look about it; it suggests ideas of papers and parchments tied up with red tape. But appearances are often deceptive: if that young clerk there, who has not yet reached his first promotion, would show you the contents of his bag, you would see a leg of mutton, a bargain from Leaden-hall or Newgate market. We have known oysters, ox-tails for soup, onions, crockery, to be carried home in a blue bag. The bag enables many to economise, who otherwise would be ashamed to do so.

But the days begin to draw in: by and by both sides of the street are shady; and those who look for sunshine as they walk home, see it only on the gilded weathercocks of church steeples, or slanting through the opening of some side street in long sickly-looking rays. And then, before you are aware of it, the return walk is all by lamplight; and the long suburban roads, with their lines of flame on either side, remind you, as you look down them, of the avenues described in the 'Arabian Nights,' brilliant with lights, but ending at last in a gloomy void. Butchers and grocers are decorating their shops again with holly, which reminds us that our Walks to Office have made the round of the seasons.

A SECOND WORD ON THE ROADS.

NEARLY three years ago, we took occasion to notice a plan for reforming the public road managements throughout the United Kingdom, projected by Mr W. Pagan, a Scottish country solicitor. Since that period, the subject has attracted the attention of divers road-trusts, town-councils, and other public bodies, and been received in a generally favourable manner, without, however, any practical result being attained.

The present method of maintaining the principal roads by means of exactions at toll-bars is universally agreed to be most objectionable. It is interruptive of intercourse, annoying to travellers, distracts traffic into wrong channels, is a severe and clumsily-levied tax, and, worst of all, not more than from 50 to 60 per cent., on an average, of the money so levied, goes to the support of the roads—the remainder being swallowed up in the erection and maintenance of toll-bars, the paying of turnpike-men, legislation, and jobbery. To keep the principal roads of England in repair, nearly five thousand toll-bars are put in operation, and the expense of the acts of parliament to sustain the system in vigour, has been stated to be £100 per mile. The cost of collection alone is said to amount to £800,000 per annum. Besides the charge for maintaining the principal roads, large expenses are incurred for cross or parish roads, which are usually supported by rates. Mr Pagan's plan points to the entire abolition of toll-bars, the consolidation of trusts, and the levying of an annual rate on horses, as the sole means of supporting the roads and liquidating the debts which the trusts have generally incurred. In the first edition of the work in which this projected reform is explained, the writer presents tabular statements showing the extent of saving that might thus be effected within two counties—Fife and Kinross. Rating all the horses in the district at 30s. each per annum, £18,000 would be raised—a sum which, compared with that levied by the existing methods of exaction by toll-bars and otherwise, would effect a

saving of £15,000. The second edition of Mr Pagan's work,* and some other tracts he has issued on the same subject, make several revelations equally worthy of remark. It appears from a statement respecting the above district, that an annual rate of 27s. 6d. per horse would be sufficient. Of this rate 19s. 6d. per horse would maintain the roads, 5s. 6d. would go to the payment of interest and redemption of the debt, and 2s. 6d. be taken for management. In this way the management would cost only a twelfth part, or 8½ per cent., instead of 44 per cent., as at present! The debt, he calculates, would be paid off in thirty years; and accordingly, the rate per horse would ultimately sink to 22s. From some investigations that have been made, it appears that farmers, the class most opposed to the change, would generally save by the adoption of this plan. Among twenty-nine of the leading agriculturists in Fife, there would be a gross saving of £186, 4s., or about 27 per cent. per annum. A farmer in one of the southern counties of Scotland lately mentioned to us that the lime he laid upon his land cost him at the rate of sixteen shillings per acre for toll-bars!

Having been invited to state his plans at a meeting of the county of Forfar, Mr Pagan showed, by a statement before us, that he could effect an annual saving of nearly £4,000 on the road system of the county. The aggregate sums levied from the public annually by toll-bars, and statute-labour, and bridge-rates, amounted to £18,232. This he proposed to reduce to £14,500, raised by a rate of 29s. per horse—of which there would be applicable to road repair, 18s. 6d.; to expense of management, 2s. 6d.; and to payment of interest and redemption of debt, 8s. By the extinction of the debt in thirty-one years, the rate would ultimately fall to 22s. But there was a likelihood that, by the diminished tear and wear of roads, arising from absorption of traffic by railways, as well as from an increase in the number of horses, the rate might be lowered much sooner. In all probability, the rate would ultimately be only 14s. 6d. per horse!

From statements brought forward at meetings in Haddingtonshire and other places, similar inferences are drawn. Scarcely a voice is lifted in defence of what is now admitted to be a great abuse. The only parties who attempt a vindication of the toll-bar and statute-labour exactions, are the functionaries whom a change would dispossess—lessees of bars, turnpike-men, and a host of clerks and collectors. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that there is as yet any overt attempt at reform. The trusts, composed exclusively of the landed gentry, who are unfortunately not men of business, seem to be in a sense paralysed. They almost everywhere acknowledge their existing condition to be bad, but they hesitate as to the means of improvement. It would be well that they proceeded to fix on some determinate policy. In all the central and populous districts of the kingdom, the roads are already deprived of their through traffic by railways, and nothing is left them but local intercourse; in other words, the roads now depend for support chiefly on the rural population, the tolls upon many of them are scarcely worth collecting, and the trusts, burdened with heavy debts, cannot meet their obligations. In this state of things, toll-bars are increased in number, to the grievance of rural tenants and villagers; but all will not do; and from forty-four per cent. for collection, the ratio of expenditure rises to sixty, eighty, and even a hundred per cent. We happen to know the case of a toll-bar in a rural district which yields only £4 annually. To gather this sum, £2 and a free house are given to a female keeper. As the house and bar undoubtedly cost £120, the annual interest of which sum is £6, it is evident that the road-trust loses £4 by the transaction. This deficiency, however, really falls on the public, which incurs an expenditure altogether of £10, no more than £2 of which actually goes

* A pamphlet of 120 pages. Blackwood, London and Edinburgh.

to the maintenance of the road. The cost of collection in this instance is five hundred per cent. Ere long, in many quarters, turnpikes will not draw sufficient to pay their keepers. Then will begin the end of toll-bar exaction. Except in remote localities, and in the close vicinity of towns, it will perish from mere natural decay, and no one will pity its fall!

Foreseeing these consequences, the apathy of turnpike trusts seems like an infatuation. It surely cannot escape their notice that the loss, falling first on the rural population, will come ultimately on land. The question, therefore, as to toll-bars and no toll-bars, is one which greatly more concerns landlords and their tenants than the people of towns; and on this account, except from a wish to see an end put to a social barbarism, the subject is not likely to excite much popular commotion. We are sorry to observe that, in some districts where the question has been agitated, the tenant farmers, while not objecting to the removal of toll-bars, have opposed Mr Pagan's plan of reform, on the score that the proposed rate levied on horses would bear unduly on them, in relation to others who make use of the roads. Although it is our belief that farmers generally would be relieved by the principle of a uniform rating of horses, as compared with their present condition, it may be admitted that the reverse would possibly be the case in a number of instances. The degree of rating, however, is a matter of detail; and Mr Pagan does not press for an exact uniformity in all circumstances. The horses, for example, which are employed pretty continuously in stage-coaches, and omnibuses, and in carriers' wagons, might properly enough be subject to a higher rate than horses engaged almost exclusively in agricultural operations, or in carting rural produce. Some parties, we know, incline to government management and taxation for the roads; but this we hope never to see. Local managements, though sometimes defective in their operation, are of the highest value in cultivating a practical knowledge of affairs, and preserving constitutional freedom. Let local trusts and taxations, therefore, continue, but organised on better models, and in most instances consolidated over districts irrespective of county divisions.

We are not without a hope that some individual will step out of the ranks to master this important subject, and distinguish himself as a leader in road reform. Thanks to Mr Pagan, the way is open before him.

VINTAGE AT BORDEAUX.

We had spent the greater part of the summer of 18— in wandering among the Pyrenees, whose then unsophisticated small watering-places had greatly delighted us; their simple, and in some cases rather rough accommodations, and the absence of all the ordinary idle appliances for killing time, being amply compensated by the society of a relation long settled in that region, whose sporting propensities, as well as his taste for the natural beauties of this magnificent region, had made him thoroughly acquainted with every nook and corner which a hunter after a bear, lizard, or the picturesque, could desire to reach. Many a delightful expedition to the higher parts of the mountains, or to some spot out of the beaten regular 'guide' track, did we accomplish under his experienced direction; always rendered more interesting, from his knowledge of the Bearnais dialect enabling him to give us information on the peculiar habits of this people, which we could not have obtained under ordinary circumstances. There was a cheerfulness also given to these mountain rambles, from his being able to converse with any of the country folks overtaken on the road, or who were busy about the cabins we chanced to pass, and many local tales and traditions of that district became ours through his means. In some of our shorter evening strolls, husbandry, cultivation of land in general, vine-making, &c. used occasionally to be discussed by the gentlemen of our party; and as the summer closed in, and the season of the 'vendange' approached,

we all wished it were possible to witness that busy scene. Our longings were destined to be gratified, for a kind invitation from the Comte de — to one of our party opened the way for the whole inundation of us; and we set forth not only to view the vintage, but with the prospect of a residence, at that interesting period, in a veritable French château. We reached Bordeaux in the evening, where a letter awaited us from the Comte de —, full of friendly welcome, and pointing out all the necessary steps for our safely and expeditiously reaching his place on the following day.

At eight o'clock the next morning, we were accordingly on board the steam-vessel which was to carry us down the Garonne. Its banks in this direction do not long continue to bear the beautiful *riant* character which so delighted us in the upper part of this noble river; and I could not help reverting to the change since I had sat on its banks in Spain, enjoying a rural luncheon, carried with us to the edge of the narrow, gently-flowing stream, in which the olive-complexioned women of the village were washing their linen, and the children, half-clothed, picturesque little objects, were dabbling and crossing over it partly on stepping-stones!

The weather was not bright; but there was a large, cheerful, and amusingly mixed company on the deck; and a most excellent breakfast was soon served, which drew us all much nearer to our associates, among whom were families going to their country-seats, whose names, connected with mercantile affairs, I had heard, when a girl, mentioned in England. The time was agreeably spent in hearing their accounts of the many villages we passed, and in watching for the meeting of the rushing Dordogne, which comes very boisterously down upon its more dignified brother the Garonne; occasioning the same sort of contest which occurs in the Shannon, and which is called in England a 'bore.' About two o'clock we reached the landing-place, and found the carriage of Monsieur le Comte, driven by a cocked-hatted coachman in full livery, in waiting to convey us to the château, distant about three miles. The roomy old coach soon carried us to the mansion; and before we could alight, our host was on the flight of steps, which he descended to meet me, who had the good fortune to be on that side of the carriage. I was immediately taken by the hand in the most courtier-like manner, handed through the ante-rooms, &c. and finally seated in one of the fauteuils, at the side of a large old-fashioned chimney corner; my young companion, with equal deference, being similarly escorted by the eldest son to the corresponding seat of honour. There we sat for a while, like the two supporters of a heraldic shield!

The two elder daughters of our host, unluckily, were absent, but the honours of the house were kindly and gracefully performed by his son's wife; and there were also many agreeable intelligent men staying in the château, a very curious rambling old concern, full of faded grandeur. The 'salon,' into which we were first ushered, had that formal bare appearance which was usual in the days of our grandmothers, when no one thought of moving, or perhaps had the strength to move, the massive seats from their allotted places, or of deranging the order in which two rows of yellow damask gilt chairs were placed against the wainscot, round the room, as in the present case. The apartment was lighted by many very lofty windows, composed of small panes of glass; and the large old trees immediately overhanging them, gave the room, with its uncarpeted polished oak floor, a very sombre air, quite in keeping, however, with the appearance of the old comte and the 'ancien régime' tone of things in general; and we soon discovered that we were in one of the strongholds of 'conservatism' and 'legitimacy'—Don Carlos and Henry V. being there objects of profound and respectful interest. The former had been actively seconded by one of the family in his secret journey to Spain; and the mother of the young prince, not having at that time played all her 'fantastic tricks before high Heaven,' was the heroine of their romantic loyalty. A pair of superb Sévres jars, many feet high, standing in corners of the salon, gifts from her, were pointed out to us with a proud pleasure

by these devoted adherents to her son's cause. I could not but think of one of Sir Walter Scott's old cavaliers when listening to the fearless remarks of our venerable host on present times. His details of bygone days were likewise curious, when one of his ancestors, whose portrait hung over the drawing-room mantelpiece, formed part of the cortège that accompanied the infants from Spain to France, and whose chateau was one of the resting-places for the betrothed princess before proceeding to meet her future husband Louis XIV.

The first difficulties of introduction among persons with whom we had no common tie or subject of interest, were soon got over by this truly well-bred family: still we were glad when there was a move to prepare for dinner. This repast was most elegant as to the cuisine, though in some of the appointments the table might, in these luxurious modern days, be considered slightly deficient; but then it was in matters that made the whole affair less comports; and the attentions of our high-bred, kind-hearted host made us all forget, long before we rose from table, that our acquaintance was of only a few hours' standing. We all quitted the dining-room at the same time, as is usual abroad, the two lady-visitors being led by the hand to the drawing-room, as on their first arrival. Some strolled into the gardens, others to the billiard-table; and on my return from my room, after the lights were brought, I was amused to find my young companion engaged at piquet with one of the gentlemen, quite fearless of the difficulties of new terms, &c. in this her début at card-playing in France, and in full flow of French conversation with her agreeable adversary. He had been many years a prisoner in England, and having lived in very good society (on his parole, I suppose), was full of inquiry concerning many persons, mutual acquaintances, as well as about customs, places, and things which had changed in various ways since his liberation. He understood and wrote English extremely well, and gave her even some very pretty poetry written in our language, making the most polite efforts at speaking it likewise, though he had lost his fluency. A small round waiter was brought in, and placed on a little table at the end of the room; and there tea was poured out of a small china teapot into diminutive but beautiful cups, such as would have excited greedy longings in a china-fancier. This beverage was evidently served in compliment to 'les dames Anglaises,' so my young companion and I partook of it; the rest of the family helped themselves at their pleasure from the 'crafe' of cold water, to which they added sugar and 'fleur d'orange,' a bottle of which favourite preparation stood beside the tea equipage.

The bedchamber was as singular-looking as our love of novelty could desire—lofty, with many large windows and several doors. None of these fitted very closely, and we were on the ground-floor; so that, with the occasional startling from their noise, the sighing of the wind through the overhanging trees, and our own thoughts on the novelty of our position, it was some time before we sunk to rest. There were no blinds to keep the sun from shining through the boughs into our room, gladdening us with the assurance of a brilliant morning having succeeded the dull unpromising evening; and while considering whether, by stirring at this early hour, I might cause some commotion among the household, one of the doors was gently opened, and Mademoiselle Julie, the pretty femme-de-chambre to Madame de —, glided softly up to the bedside, having a small tray in her hand, on which were two delicate little cups of green tea, with the necessary accompaniments, and a plate of biscuit. While presenting these to each of us, her graceful manner, her costume, and the singularity of being thus awakened, made my young companion fancy she had opened her eyes on a scene at the 'Gaieté' or 'Vaudeville.' This refreshment was considerably provided before making our toilettes, lest we should be exhausted by waiting for the regular déjeuner, which would not take place for some time. We found that most of the family had gone to mass, early, at the neighbouring village, in order to be free to give us their company during the remainder of the day; but we assembled between ten and eleven at

a most *recherché* meal, served *sans* tablecloth, which omission deprived it in our eyes of all the elegance belonging to choice fruit, fine fish, game, and every article that could form a tempting repast. The conversation was lively and agreeable, ending by a proposal to walk through all the vineyards of our host, who accompanied us. He was full of information concerning the different growths of the surrounding lands; for the varieties in the size and appearance of the grape, and consequently in the quality of the wine produced, are in many instances extraordinary—a narrow lane only sometimes intervening, on one side of which there will be a first-class production, while its opposite neighbour has hardly a name with the wine-buyers. The same mode of cultivation will not remedy this caprice of nature; and even in one instance, where a trifling slope of the ground a little varied the exposure of a plant, there was a perceptible difference in the flavour of the fruit. In the afternoon, we completed our course of examination by a visit to the Lafitte and Monton vineyards, and to the village of Cost, famous for the St Esteppe wine. Our delightful old comte accompanied us, and enlivened by his agreeable intelligent conversation this classic drive through a pretty though somewhat flat country; most interesting, however, when one considers what is the produce of so vast an extent of plants, more insignificant in appearance than our currant bushes, for none are suffered to grow to more than three feet in height. On our way home, we stopped at the church where the family had gone in the morning to mass, that we might see a picture of the 'Crucifixion' by Mademoiselle —; and though this specimen of amateur art was far above mediocrity, it was less interesting to us to behold than the good old man's delight in showing us this sample of his daughter's talent and piety. The evening was delightful; and after dinner, I had a long and charming walk with the comte, who greatly interested me with the particulars he gave concerning the mode of managing the vines, &c. They furnish constant occupation all the year round to families who live close by, and who have each certain portions intrusted to their superintendence, which is required *day* and *night* at particular seasons. These crops were all of the black grape; but the colour of the fruit does not affect that of the wine. At a certain stage, there are assistants also required to give additional turning to the ground about the roots of the plants, or to thin the leaves; and this last is a most delicate operation, as a little too much of exposure, or exposure not timed to the moment when the grape requires it, may be its ruin! When I add, that the vines are subject to a plague, in the shape of a *fly*, and another in the shape of a snail, to a terrible extent, it will appear that these precious productions cause as much anxiety as our own useful and far more beautiful hop, before they attain to full and perfect maturity. There was a small tower-looking building raised very high in the midst of the crops, where at this time I was amused to see a man watching from a little wooden balcony, recalling to my mind allusions to such things in the Scriptures. Busy preparations had been going on all this day, by men bringing out casks, which had been stored away somewhere in the chateau, not far from our room on the ground-floor; for we had been awakened by the unusual rumbling noise made by rolling them close by our windows. People were busy likewise in putting in order the yard and 'cuvier,' or great wine-house; and thus everything we saw and heard increased the interest with which we anticipated the 'gathering,' which was to begin on the following morning.

The sun shone out gloriously; and long before we were dressed, the merry voices of women and children were heard, who are principally the 'cutters.' One hundred of these are employed, besides the numbers of men required for the more heavy work of lifting the wooden sort of basket, two of which, when filled with grapes, are put on a low sort of cart, to be driven away to the cuvier. In this merciless tossing to and fro, all bloom and beauty of the fruit, alas! soon disappears. The whole band of labourers assemble at sunrise, when breakfast, consisting of bread, onions, and grapes, is served out in the great

yard. We were not, however, up early enough to witness this performance; but when our own more delicate meal was finished, we accompanied our venerable host to the scene, and on his appearance, there was such a lighting up of the rough countenances around us, and so pleasing a buzz among the workmen, as showed their delight at the kindly general sort of greeting given by their old master, whose arrival at the cuvier is considered to begin the 'vintage.' The cuvier is much like a very capacious barn; and the good old comte pointed out to us a large, simple wicker-chair, in which, for sixty years, his mother regularly took her seat on the first day, and which had never been moved since her death. An equally precious relic was the old fiddler, who for above fifty years had, on these occasions, stood on the same precise spot where he now received his beloved patron's special notice with a sort of proud gratitude. The comte gives the signal, and now the music strikes up, and the first cart tumbles its precious load, through a wide sort of arched window, into the great cistern, which stretches along just below the level of its sill. There were three of these openings in the length of the building; and each cistern was manned by sixteen men in merely their white shirts and short breeches tucked up above the knee, showing the brawny legs and bare feet which were soon to 'tread a measure' to the old fiddler's lively melodies. A strange effect it had to our English eyes when these rough-looking beings, taking their places opposite to each other, began a set of quadrilles in a most decorous manner, at every step crushing down the once beautiful fruit, whose juice runs out at an aperture in one corner into tubs, beside which a man watches lest they should overflow. I ought to have mentioned, that before the ball commences, there is a very large wire-frame or cullender placed over the shallow cisterns, in which the men rapidly separate the stalks from the fruit; the latter falling through, and the stalks being carried to another cistern, where a man with a small kind of rake picks off any grapes remaining on them. These stalks are then piled up in a press, and the liquor they yield makes an inferior drink for the lower classes. As the juice streaming from the pressers' cisterns filled the tubs, they were borne away on poles between two men staggering under their loads, like Caleb and his companions bearing away their bunch of grapes from Eshcol. I was surprised to hear that the *skins* of the grape are thrown with the juice into the great vats, where all is left to ferment, during which process they rise to the top of the 'must' (as the liquor is then called), and are easily skimmed off afterwards. At twelve o'clock symptoms reached our ears of fresh bustle, and we were soon summoned out to the great yard, where a temporary wooden kitchen had been erected, and where the large, cheerful body of labourers—men, women, and children—were assembled, divided into moderate-sized groups, engaged in merry chat, till it came to their turn to be served with dinner. This consisted of *bouillon*, with plenty of good bread in it, followed by an excellent dish of meat and potatoes, much like our unmentionable Irish stew. We were much interested in watching them, all polite to each other, and in full enjoyment of their rest and this excellent fare. A supper of bread and grapes finishes the day, throughout which there are casks of small wine near at hand for general refreshment; and assuredly, most necessary was some such beverage, for the heat was so intense, that, towards the latter part of the afternoon, the *dancers* had much slackened their movements; and many told us that, but for the inspiring tones of the violin, they should not be able to get through their labour. I was amused to see the old *Orpheus*, too, nodding most vehemently now and then—and not surprised, for besides his indefatigable exertions, something might be ascribed to the fumes arising from this quantity of grape juice (beginning soon to ferment), which had a perceptible effect upon my own head during the comparatively short time I was exposed to their influence. Besides this liberal board, the men were all to have a franc a day; but the money wages vary with the season.

The concluding day of the vintage is distinguished like

our own harvest-home, and is quite a festival, dancing and a supper winding up the whole; but unluckily our plans did not allow of our remaining to witness the gay scene. Most sorrowfully did we ladies especially see the carriage drawn up soon after our last breakfast with these kind people, who neglected nothing that could make our stay or our going away agreeable. They did 'welcome the coming and speed the parting guest' in the truest spirit of kindness; and we took our leave as if they had been the friends of many years, instead of recently-made acquaintances, with real regret that the distance between us, and the great age of our venerable host, made it so little probable that we should ever meet again. There was another painful feeling accompanying our departure from this hospitable mansion—we were now to consider our holiday as drawing to a close, and on reaching Bordeaux, were to commence our long journey to England. In those days there were no railways on the continent; and when we reached the Dordogne, which could be crossed only by an immense *ferry boat*, we were told, to our great astonishment, that the current was running too strongly for it to cross. For above an hour, on a miserably rainy morning, did we sit in our carriage till the turbulent waves subsided, when our vehicle, and the *malle poste*, whose patience had been put to the same test, were shipped on board of an enormous barge, moved by a horse in a mill; and this primitive, uncouth-looking vehicle was the medium of communication between the two greatest cities of France! A suspension-bridge was about to be constructed; and when the projected railway, too, is finished, travellers of the present day, who skim rapidly in all directions without hindrance or adventure, will view as 'old women's tales' the singular shifts, diverting *contre-temps*, and entertaining incidents which were to be enjoyed by those who could keep their tempers, and open their eyes and ears wide enough, in a journey performed at the rate of five miles an hour, and in a quarter where the English were still stared at. We never met, however, with anything to annoy us seriously; and though no thoroughgoing conservative, I look back with thankfulness to my lot in having made this delightful journey as in the 'good old times,' with four stout steeds to our own luxurious travelling-carriage. But here we must part. Vines and grapes met our eyes for many days, but with them we had no friendly associations, and my little narrative is therefore at an end.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

The following are selected from a great variety of interesting anecdotes of dogs in Captain Brown's 'Popular Natural History,' just published:—

An English gentleman some time ago went to Vauxhall Gardens (France) with a large mastiff, which was refused admittance, and the gentleman left him in the care of the body-guards, who are placed there. The Englishman, some time after he had entered, returned to the gate and informed the guards that he had lost his watch, telling the sergeant, that if he would permit him to take in the dog, he would soon discover the thief. His request being granted, the gentleman made motions to the dog of what he had lost, which immediately ran about amongst the company, and traversed the gardens, till at last he laid hold of a man. The gentleman insisted that this person had got his watch; and on being searched, not only his watch, but six others were discovered in his pockets. What is more remarkable, the dog possessed such a perfection of instinct, as to take his master's watch from the other six, and carry it to him!

Of the alertness of the dog in recovering the lost property of its master, we shall give one other instance. M. Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St Denis, Paris, offered to lay a wager with a friend, that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When they had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, while his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St Denis. Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-

place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in Rue Pont-aux-Choux, and Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chase, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin, which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The gentleman, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his clothes, than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that he wanted to go out. Caniche instantly snatched up an article of dress, and away he flew. The stranger posted after him with his nightcap on, and literally *sans-culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of double Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived in a moment afterwards, breathing and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. 'Sir,' said the master, 'my dog is a very faithful creature, and if he has run away with your clothes, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you.' The traveller became still more exasperated. 'Compose yourself, sir,' rejoined the other smiling; 'without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece with such and such marks, which you picked up in the Boulevard St Antoine, and which I threw down there with a firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you!' The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy—from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America has been given, 'Our country, right or wrong!' which is in itself a proclamation of maleficence; and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, 'That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern.' An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a Deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, 'Myself, right or wrong!' Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham*.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

In a quarter of the town of Hingham, known as Rocky-nook, there is a pond where a little girl, not six years old, who resides near the bank, has tamed the fishes to a remarkable degree. She began by throwing crumbs in the water. Gradually the fishes learned to distinguish her footsteps, and darted to the edge whenever she approached; and now they will actually feed out of her hand, and allow her to touch their scaly sides! A venerable turtle is among her regular pensioners. The control of Van Amburgh over his wild beasts is not more surprising than that which this little girl has attained over her finny playmates. The fishes will have nothing to do with any but their tried friend. They will trust no one else, let him come with provender ever so tempting. Even fishes are not so cold-blooded but they will recognise the law of kindness, and yield to its all-embracing power.—*Doston Transcript, United States*.

THE OLD AND NEW-YEAR.

Crossing last night a dreary moor,
Where deeply lay the snow,
I overtook at midnight hour
An old man creeping slow.
'Twas the Old-Year! with age subdued,
Tottering, and cold, and lean,
And cowering mid the solitude
Some place to die unseen.
He had brought me many happy days—
I would not on his ending gaze.

Scarcely had I passed the touching sight,
When a deep stillness fell;
I heard an old voice say 'Good-night!'
And a young one chime 'All's well!'
I turned me: the Old-Year was gone!
And lo! a beauteous child
With silvery laugh came dancing on,
And ever sweetly smiled;
And prattled with such guileless art—
I clasped the New-Year to my heart!

So 'tis with life! when midst the gloom
Of the soul's night, we see
A loved joy sink into the tomb,
Some young Hope comes with glee,
And sings so sweetly in our ear
Of gladness aye to last,
That mid our grief, we cease to hear
The music of the past—
And long as much for joys unknown,
As e'er we prized the blessing flown.

MAXIMS ON MONEY.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life*.

CONSUMPTION.

Sir James Clark, physician to the Queen, enumerates, as the exciting causes of consumption, 'long confinement in close ill-ventilated rooms, whether nurseries, school-rooms, or manufactories'; he also says, 'if an infant, born in perfect health, and of the healthiest parents, be kept in close rooms, in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will often suffice to induce tuberculous cachexia'—the beginning of consumption. Persons engaged in confined close rooms, or workshops, are the chief sufferers from consumption: thus, of the 233 tailors who died in one district in London, in 1839, 123 died of diseases of the lungs, of whom ninety-two died of consumption. Of fifty-two milliners, dying in the same year, thirty-three died from diseases of the lungs, of whom twenty-eight died from consumption. Dr Guy reports, that in a close printers' room, he found seventeen men at work, of whom three had spitting of blood, two had affections of the lungs, and five had constant and severe colds. After reading these sad facts, who can deny that the chief cause of consumption is the respiration of bad air?—*Ventilation Illustrated*.

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